be thus dosed with the medicine they had formerly been lavish in dispensing. In the days when waves alone mattered and they ruled them, it had been their part to hold aloof and pronounce moral judgments on unruly and unprincipled Continentals; now, having the same sky, they were involved in the same disasters as the rest of Europe, and put to the same shifts to escape or postpone their consequences. The voice of reason and of principle came from across the Atlantic instead of from across the Channel.

Mr. John Gunther got, successively, inside Europe and Asia, leaving three more continents for him still to penetrate; Mr. Negley Parson, Mr. Vincent Sheean, Mr. Knickerbocker, Mr. Duranty and others provided each his spirited European survey.

As invalids soon accumulate a collection of powders, pills, bottles of medicine, once hopefully received and hopefully taken, then, when no cure resulted, left to litter a medicine chest, so did contemporary ills leave their litter of books, their immense documentation.

VI

If happenings were of absorbing interest, so were the persons concerned in them. Men marched as well as Time, and to get inside the eminent was as needful as to get inside Europe. Illustrated periodicals like *Picture Post* specialised in revealing their way of life; biographers produced intimate, and usually authorised, studies of them, and revealing anecdotes were often told, gaining accretions and polish by their repetition, until a

standard version was obtained and used for all occasions. Wives, friends, relatives and acquaintances partook of their glory; Goering's brother, Hitler's half-sister, a clergyman who had known Mr. Neville Chamberlain in his sisal-growing days, Stalin's ancient and belatedly discovered mother, who had once suckled him, the while murmuring his pet-name, So-so—these, too, were interesting.

It used to be confidently assumed that as society became more